

DAILY VEDETTE.

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CAMP DOUGLAS, U. T., FRIDAY MORNING, JANUARY 15, 1864.

[NO 10.

The Daily Vedette,

PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING, EXCEPT SUNDAYS, AT
CAMP DOUGLAS, UTAH TERRITORY,

—BY—
OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN,
—OF THE—
California and Nevada Territorial Volunteers.

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Job Work,

SUCH AS

MINING CERTIFICATES,

PROGRAMMES, BALL INVITATIONS, BILL
HEADS,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANK FORMS,

etc., etc., etc.,

IN GOOD STYLE AND ON REASONABLE TERMS.

All Orders addressed "To the Publishers of the DAILY
VEDETTE, Camp Douglas, Utah Territory," will meet with
prompt attention.

All communications must be addressed to the "Editor of
the DAILY VEDETTE, Camp Douglas, Utah Territory."

Mr. E. P. PENNINGTON is our authorized Agent for the
transaction of business in Salt Lake City. Office in the U. S.
Postmaster's Storehouse, Main Street.

Mr. L. W. A. COLE is our Carrier and Soliciting Agent
for Great Salt Lake City.

The Silver Knitting-Sheath.

Over the sun-bathed pastures, above the
ragrant bilberry swamps and the upland
dens, floated the liquid clarion of the
age-horn dying away amid great piles
of mossy rocks and mountain gorges,
where the most adventurous footsteps had
ever trod, with a sweet, melancholy ca-
dence, until you could not have distin-
guished its burden from the gurgle of the
brooks, and the noisy concerts of the
wood-birds.

News from the seat of war! The village
mail had come in, with its undeciphered
weight of grief and lamentation, pride and
madness. What else could it be, when
Sunnycliff, like all the rest of our New
England villages, had sent the flower of
its young men to the battle-field? and
every mother held her breath with vague
apprehension, and turned from the bright
flush of June roses with a shudder and
thought of that other crimson which dyed
the pale daisies of Southern meadows!

The noon-day sun shone full into the
great old-fashioned kitchen of the farm-
house, with its white board floor and win-
dows hung with chintz-curtains. On either
side of the broad, flat door-stone were
wooden boxes of rank-leaved hydrangeas,
and the giant maple that seemed to stretch
its heavy branches above the roof, was all
musical with the stir and twitter of little
birds. Just in the cool impenetrable
shadow of that same maple, Agnes Miller
stood, folding up the read and re-read
letter of her brother in the wars, with a
flushed cheek, and wishing for the thou-
sand first time that she was a man, to join
in the glorious cause!

It would have done your heart good, in
these days of pale faces and wasp-like
figures, to see such a rosy, healthy bit of
bloom as Agnes Miller's! Round-cheeked,
bright-eyed, with a light, elastic footstep
that never seemed to be weary, and a
brow just tinged with the olive of moun-
tain winds and June suns. Agnes did not
know what headache meant, and was only
acquainted by reputation with the hypo!
She was as pretty in her pink calico dress

as any duchess in rose-colored satin, and
the single spray of white wax-apples
twisted into her hair, glimmered like gi-
gantic pearl-drops.

All of a sudden, as she stood there,
thoughtfully turning the letter round and
around, an arm was stolen about the trim
little waist, and another shadow fell on
the velvet grass!

"Don't, Charles!"

You see she was not a bit startled, and
Charles, like a sensible fellow that he was,
interpreted "don't" in the right way, and
immediately stole another kiss.

"Come, Agnes, let's sit down on the
door-stone, and you shall tell me what
Harry says, for I see you have a letter
from there."

Side by side, in the moving shade of the
dense old maple, the two lovers read over
the hastily scribbled lines. It was a pretty
tableau, yet you could not have helped
wondering how it was that so fresh and
beautiful a creature as Agnes Miller could
ever have fallen in love with that pale
little shoemaker, stunted in growth, and
lame in one foot. But the truth was that
Agnes looked beyond mere exteriors, and
saw the noble heart and steadfast will
that shone out through Charles Dennison's
pale, thoughtful face.

"Well," said Charles at length, folding
the letter once again, "it seems that his
ardor is as glowing as ever."

"Yes," said Agnes, abstractedly; adding
a moment afterwards: "How I should
like to send the dear fellow something! O,
Charles, if we were only rich!"

"Just the thought which was in my
head scarcely half an hour ago," said Den-
nison. "Do you know, Agnes, that if I
had a thousand dollars in cash I could buy
that little shoe store in the village?"

"Could you?" said Agnes, turning her
wistful, hazel eyes fully upon him. "O,
Charles—and then—"

"And then we should be married," said
Charles, taking up the broken thread of
her words in the most natural manner pos-
sible. "But I haven't got the money, nor
do I see any probability of getting it, so
for all I can see, the best way is to rest
contented with the blessings God has
already sent us! And I have just half
an hour to sit here in the fragrance of the
springing grass, before I must return to
my shop."

Agnes was tying up a little nosegay of
white seringas, fragrant as the breath of
spice-islands and roses, with sprays of
green southernwood, for Charles to carry
with him to the place where he toiled for
daily bread. He liked to look up from his
monotonous employment to see the bright
blossoms in the window-seat—it made him
think of Agnes!

"I shall write Harry a long letter to-
night," said the girl, pensively, as she
leaned over to gather a fresh rose, "al-
though to be sure, I have not much news
to communicate—except about Aunt Hep-
sey's death."

"How strange that was, Agnes," said
Dennison, "for that old creature to leave
all her antiquated brocades and venerable
wardrobe to strangers and none to you,
who tended her through her last illness,
and were always supposed to be her favor-
ite grand-niece."

"Nothing, Charles? You forget the
huge old workbasket, with its rusty
shears, and steel thimble, and ball of
wrinkled wax!"

"Well, that amounts to nothing, unless
indeed you could sell the working imple-

ments for old iron," said Charles laughing.

Agnes shook her head with a smile.

"No, I shall never sell anything that
belonged to dear, funny old Aunt Hepsi-
bah. I shall keep the basket, not because
of its intrinsic value, but because it was
hers."

"I have heard," said Charles, taking the
completed bouquet from Agnes' lap, and
disposing it with lively ostentation in the
button-hole of his coat, "of legates discov-
ering broad gold pieces in secret crannies
of work-boxes, but unfortunately yours is
a basket! I'm afraid, Agnes, that Aunt
Hepsey only wanted to give you a hint on
the subject of industry when she be-
queathed you those rusty shears!"

"Nonsense," said Agnes, laughing. But
she stood on the threshold a long time
gazing after Charles Dennison, as he
walked slowly down the road, under the
green, overhanging boughs of the way-
side elms.

"Dear Charles," she mused; "is it not
hard, that he should be obliged to work
so constantly, when others revel in luxury?
But I am wrong to complain; how many
girls mourn their dearest ones dead upon
the Southern plains, while my lover is safe
at home. Poor lame Charlie, if I could
only suffer for you!"

She stood a moment, musing, and then
aroused herself determinately, exclaim-
ing, half aloud:

"I know what I will do for Harry, poor
fellow! I will knit him a pair of those
old-fashioned, cotton stockings that Aunt
Hepsey always said would out wear a
dozen affairs. It will keep my fingers
busy, and perhaps still the wanderings of
my mind. I don't think I have quite for-
gotten the art of wielding the knitting
needles!"

To the old farm-house garret! Have
our readers ever passed beneath the shad-
ow of its dreamy precincts? The mass-
ive brown rafters overhead—the little
crescent-shaped windows just beyond the
brick chimney, where our eye roves over
the summer landscape, stretched out in
sunshine savory and pennyroyal dangling
from the beams—and the worn trunks and
boxes piled against one another, like pil-
grims whose journey is done. Somehow
there was an atmosphere about this silent
garret that made Agnes Miller feel as if
she were breathing the influence of half a
century back—as if she were an intrud-
ing ghost on the hush of the past! But
the cracked mirror leaning against the
chimney, reflected the image of a very
pretty little ghost, with pink calico dress
and cheeks to match, whose small feet
pattered on the mossy shingles above, in
the days of April and violets!

There the knitting-needles lay in the
great wicker basket, with all its contents,
"useful or otherwise," as Aunt Hepsey's
will said, was bequeathed to Agnes Miller.
They were rusty and discolored, but Agnes
knew she could easily rub them bright;
so she took the basket in her hands, and
tripped away down stairs, singing softly
as she went.

There was a window just in the angle
of the staircase, where Agnes loved to sit
—a window looking down into the green
wilderness of a mammoth sweet-briar
bush, whose spicy odors rose up like a
column of incense in the summer air.
There Agnes established herself for her
afternoon's task; and there a matronly
old lady, capped and spectacled, found
her, about five minutes later.

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

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Mr. Wandell explained that the House was getting into trouble simply because it was trying to enter upon details, which could only properly be left to the miners themselves. If the House undertakes thus to dabble in these details, the law might be a mere nullity, and will not be respected or observed by the miners. He showed the fallacy of undertaking to legislate in this manner and hoped the House would not spoil the bill.

The amendment of Mr. Pratt, was voted down. Mr. Farr was generally disgusted and favored the reference of the bill back to the Committee. "If," said he, "she's going through, why, let her slide."

Mr. Pratt offered an additional amendment providing for the election by the Legislature, of a Superintendent of mines, to reside at Salt Lake City, and be the Territorial Recorder of mines instead of Secretary of the Territory, as now in the bill.

The motion prevailed, and the new Section was adopted.

The bill was read through to the end by Sections. A long debate arose as to whether mining claims should be taxed or only the proceeds of such claims. The House finally amended the last Section so that it should read, "Mining claims shall be deemed personal property, which may be taxed in the same manner as other personal property."

Mr. Pratt offered a new Section that the miner should have exclusive right to timber on his claim, but the same should be open to the public. Carried.

Mr. Johnson proposed another Section for a tax of one-half of one per cent. on mines, to go to the Government of the United States, to aid in the prosecution of the war. The amendment was opposed on the ground that it was unjust and unconstitutional to tax a portion of the community for a special object while the balance went free; the prevalent idea being that if anybody was to be taxed for the war, then let everybody in the Territory be taxed.

The amendment was voted down. Without final action on the bill, the minutes were called for.

Mr. Wright startled the House by rising and saying that he had a resolution to offer of great importance to the Members (!) and then added that it related to the Penitentiary. The following is the resolution:

Mr. Wright presented a resolution that a special committee of two be appointed by the Speaker to request His Excellency Amos Reed, Acting Governor, to forthwith ascertain by telegraph whether any, or what amount of means is placed to the credit of Utah Territory, appropriated by the General Government for the purpose of repairing and defraying the expenses of the Utah Penitentiary, and that we respectfully request the Council to appoint a like committee to immediately confer with the Governor on this subject, and that the Territory be responsible for the expense of such telegraphic dispatch.

The Minutes were read and approved.

On motion of Mr. Wright the House adjourned to Jan. 14, at 1 p. m.

Benediction by the Chaplain.

Below we re-print the Mining Act as amended in the House. The amendments are in italics.

[H. F. NO. 22.] AN ACT CONCERNING MINING CLAIMS.

Sec. 1. *Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Utah*, That any person or persons, discovering or knowing of a vein or mass of iron, copper, zinc, coal, sulphur, or any other base ore or mineral, and having an intention of working the same, shall cause a survey and a certificate to that effect to be recorded in the office of the county clerk of the county in which the vein or mass is situate, in a book kept for that purpose, which certificate shall state the locality of the said vein or mass, and clearly define the metes and bounds of the claim thereto, as determined by the county or Territorial surveyor; said certificate, so recorded, shall be evidence of such claim, and shall be so received in the courts: *Provided*, that the claim does not infringe upon already existing rights, and provided, such claims shall not exceed one acre in extent to each of said persons.

Sec. 2. If within three months after recording a certificate of claim as required by the preceding section, said claimant or claimants give no practical evidence of a bona fide intention of working said claim, or if within twelve months, work has not been commenced and perseveringly carried on, the claim thereto shall become void and of no effect.

Sec. 3. Any six or more persons, citizens as aforesaid, discovering, locating, or working mines of the precious metals, may, in order to preserve the peace and secure the rights of all, create and establish a mining district of convenient extent, embracing the tract of land containing said mines, and elect a recorder therefor, who shall be qualified for the faithful discharge of the duties of his office by some person authorized to administer oaths.

Sec. 4. The miners in the district may, at a public meeting called for that purpose, due notice of which shall have been given, adopt said rules and regulations or revise and amend the same as they may deem just and proper for the working of the mines in the district, having a due regard for the rights of all concerned: *Provided*, that said rules and regulations do not contravene the Constitution and laws of the United States or the laws of this Territory.

Sec. 5. The office of Superintendent of Mining Claims for the Territory of Utah, is hereby created, and the Legislature shall, in joint session assembled annually, appoint said Superintendent, who shall be duly qualified, and shall hold his office until his successor is duly appointed and qualified. Said Superintendent shall keep his office in G. S. L. City, G. S. L. County, and shall receive such fees as are established by law for the recording of deeds.

Sec. 6. These rules and regulations, also their revisions and amendments, shall be recorded by the recorder of the district, in a book kept for that purpose. The recorder of the district shall cause a transcript of said rules and regulations, duly attested, to be recorded in a book kept for that purpose, by the county recorder of the county or counties in which the district is located, and shall cause a copy of the same to be filed in the office of the superintendent of mining claims; and in actions respecting mining claims, said rules and regulations shall be admitted as evidence, and shall govern the decision of the action.

Sec. 7. No person or persons who shall be engaged in mining shall use the water of any stream to the injury of farming or machinery interests. Any person violating the provisions of this section, shall be liable to all damages sustained, and may be proceeded against by any person deeming his interests so injured before any court having jurisdiction.

Sec. 8. Mining claims shall be deemed personal property, which may be taxed in the same manner as other personal property.

CAMP DOUGLAS EXPRESS.

H. F. TAYLOR is now associated with the Camp Douglas Express Co. and the firm are still prepared to run the Express as heretofore between the City and the Camp at the usual hours.

All of Uncle Sam's men who may wish to patronize this Co. CAN RIDE ON "TICK."

until pay day. TAYLOR & STUBBS. Jan 15-41w Proprietors.

UNION RESTAURANT.

A. H. SIMWERTH takes this method of informing the public that he has opened a Restaurant, near the Bake House, at Camp Douglas, where he will be found ready at all times to cater to the appetite of citizen or soldier, or "any other man," who may favor him with a call.

Meals, 50 cents; can be had at all hours between reveille and tattoo. Also has for sale Pies, Dressed Chickens, Eggs, etc. dec 25-dtf

BANNACK RESTAURANT & EATING HOUSE.

THE citizens of Great Salt Lake City, and the traveling public are respectfully informed that the

Bannack Restaurant and Eating House, situated on Main street, opposite the Salt Lake House, is now open, and the proprietor is prepared to furnish Board and Lodging on reasonable terms. Jan 5-41 J. D. BAYLISS.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

CITIZENS OF UTAH,

BRING IN YOUR PRODUCE!

A. GILBERT,

(Next door to the Salt Lake House,) calls special attention to his large and well selected

STOCK OF DRY GOODS,

Consisting of

COTTON, WOOLEN, AND MIXED FABRICS,
CALICOES, SILKS, DRILLINGS, FLANNELS,

and other

STAPLES,

Selected Expressly for this Market;

Also offers on reasonable terms,

GROCERIES, COFFEE, CANDLES, SUGARS
SOAP, etc., etc., etc.,

HARDWARE, CUTTLERY, CROCKERY,
etc., etc., etc.,

On Terms to Suit.

EXAMINE OUR GOODS AND TRY OUR PRICES.

Highest Cash Prices paid for Grain.

nov 27-dtf

A. GILBERT.

RANSOHOFF & BRO.,

MAIN STREET, GREAT SALT LAKE CITY,
UTAH TERRITORY.

Now offer to the Public one of the Best Assorted and Largest Stock of

Dry Goods, Groceries, Fancy and Staple Articles,

Ever Brought to this Territory.

Selected With Especial View to this Market!

AT RATES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

A Full Assortment of

MERCHANDISE,

Including

Fancy Articles, Dress Goods, Trimmings,
Groceries, Hardware and Crockery.

In Fact Everything Desirable, Necessary and Useful, from Needles up to Cooking Stoves; from Finest Laces and Silks to Calicoes, Collars and

WOOLEN GOODS.

Give us a Call, and see our Prices.

nov 27-dtf

RANSOHOFF & BRO.

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...natives stretch, a bystander might
...himself in a large clock store."

"Why, Agnes, child, what are you doing?"

"I am going to knit a pair of cotton stockings for poor Harry, mama. See?"

Mrs. Miller looked, through a treacherous mist that swam before her eyes and pronounced that the cotton was "about the right size." Then she settled down, a stair or two below her daughter, ostensibly because it was a cool place where she might "pick over" her basket of ruby red currants, freshly gathered from the bushes—in reality, to talk about Harry, with Agnes for an audience!

These mothers! how lovingly they treasure up the absent ones in their very heart of hearts!

Agnes was fastening on her taper waist the strange old silver knitting-sheath, set into a diamond shaped piece of blue brocade, long since faded into dim distinctness, that had once been the pride of Aunt Hepsy's heart.

"Why, mamma, how strange! The needle will not run in the sheath!"

"Perhaps it is broken," suggested Mrs. Miller.

"No, it is not. I think something must be in the sheath—it seems to be obstructed."

Agnes unfastened it as she spoke, and examined the small tube closely.

"It looks like brown paper rolled up very tightly, mamma. Please lend me a pin to take it out."

Mrs. Miller leaned over her daughter's shoulder, and took up the tiny bit of paper that dropped from the sheath, while Agnes composedly secured the small instrument to its place again.

"Agnes, my love—surely my eyes do not deceive me, old and dim though they are growing!" exclaimed Mrs. Miller. "Tell me what this is!"

And Agnes saw that the despised piece of paper was a bank-note for one thousand dollars!

Poor old Aunt Hepsibah—no earthly persuasions had ever induced her to patronize savings' banks or investments! But when her will was made, she bequeathed the wicker basket to Agnes, her favorite niece, having intended to reveal to her the secret of the silver sheath. But the death-blow came suddenly, as it always will, prepared for it as we may, and the old lady had died and made no sign!

"Mamma!" said Agnes, when their first astonishment had subsided into something like calmness, "I have read of things like this in fairy books of wild romance, but I never dreamed that such an adventure could happen to me!"

Little Agnes, you have yet to learn that truth is sometimes far stranger than fiction!

The poor whip-poor-will was singing in the fringe of woods that bordered the mountain pastures, and the dew lay heavily on the white lillies by the garden fence, when Charles Dennison came up to the old door-stone, where Agnes was generally tending her border of pansies at that hour. She was there, all blooming in her pink dress, and ready to welcome him with a soft little kiss.

"Charlie!" she said, "what were you telling me about the village shoe store this morning?"

"That I could buy it for a thousand dollars, dear; why do you ask? I am not likely to make the purchase at present."

"Charles," she went on, hesitatingly, "you would not scorn to accept help from me, would you?"

"Are we not one, dearest?" he returned, gaily. "But what does this mysterious question mean? You have not come into possession of a gold mine, have you?"

"Almost!" whispered Agnes, laying the bank bill upon his hand, "Now Charles, I understand what dear old Aunt Hepsy

meant, when she left me the wicker work-basket."

Of course, Charles was astonished—and more so than ever when he heard the whole history of the slip of brown paper. However, he came to the conclusion that Aunt Hepsibah's inscrutable will had more meaning in its clauses than had been at the time supposed.

And when the golden harvest-moon of August was mellow in the sky, Harry Miller, the "bold soldier boy," came home on a furlough to attend his sister's wedding.

BY OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE UNION VEDETTE.]

Fleet for Admiral Farragut--An Intercepted Rebel Letter.

NEW YORK, Jan. 12th.

A fleet of nine small draft gunboats, for Admiral Farragut, carrying two and three rifled guns each, will sail in a few days.

The *Herald* contains an intercepted rebel letter of Dec. 31st, which says Longstreet's forces joined Lee; the latter has matured, and is about to consummate a series of maneuvers, which will terminate albeit bloody battles too. The writer says, the day cannot be far off when we shall embrace each other in Maryland in the old homestead in Baltimore beneath the victorious cross of the free recognized South.

An army of the Potomac dispatch, says: The Commissioners are issuing undiminished rations, which proves that the army has not been depleted by furloughs.

From Washington.

NEW YORK, 12th.

The *Tribune's* Washington dispatch, says: No orders have yet issued for the removal of prisoners to Gen. Butler's Department.

It is believed the House Committee on Elections will report against the cases of the gentlemen claiming seats from East Virginia.

House—Wilson reported a bill defining the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims. The bill is to restrain the Court from acting on claims for property destroyed or appropriated by military or naval authorities during the war, reserving these matters Congress.

The Committee of Ways and Means' supplemental bill, which will soon be reported, proposes to place a duty on spirits of sixty cents; two cents a pound on cotton; also provides that duty on spirits shall be levied on all upon which no duties have been paid, and no return made from January 12th, 1864.

In the Senate, to-day, the Joint Resolution continuing the bounties heretofore paid, was passed.

A message was received from the President, in answer to the enquiry relative to exceptional treatment of Kansas prisoners by the rebels. Letters from Gen. Halleck to the Secretary of War accompanied the message. Gen. Halleck says no information that the Volunteers from Kansas, when taken prisoners had been treated by the enemy any different than those from other States; also says that the Gen. in command of the department of Kansas knows of no distinction being made. A letter from the Commissary General of prisoners, is to the same effect.

CHICAGO, Jan. 13.

A Bill which passed the Senate yesterday, extends the time of payment of bounties to March 1st. It is presumed the draft will be postponed until that time.

The Senate debated the Conscription Act all day, without any vote on any important amendment.

Personal.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 12th.

Major-Gen. Grant and Staff arrived last night from Knoxville.

WALKER BROS.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Now offer to the public a complete

WINTER STOCK OF DRY GOODS

Of every description, and are constantly receiving

NEW GOODS.

Three mule trains to arrive from California, with a fine and general assortment of

MERCHANDISE

FOR EARLY SPRING TRADE.

DENTISTRY.

THOMAS B. PEARCE, Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist, is now prepared to attend to the wants of those who favor him with a call. Teeth cleaned, fitted and extracted, or put in from one to a full set, and satisfaction given. Patrons respectfully solicited. Office a little south of the Post Office, Main street, Great Salt Lake City.

N. B.—Mrs. L. PEARCE, Plain and Fancy Seamstress, solicits the patronage of the public. She may be found in the above place.

UNION HOUSE.

ON Main Street, G. S. L. City, one door north of the U. S. Subsistence Storehouse. Meals at all hours, and at the most reasonable rates.

OYSTER SUPPERS

served up on the shortest notice, and in first rate style.
djan8-tf T. R. MILLER & CO.

GOLD! GOLD!!

THE undersigned thanks his numerous friends for past patronage, and trusts by strict attention to business and good workmanship, to merit a continuation of their favors. Gold and Silver worked with every design of jewelry.
W. JONES,
Two doors south of the U. S. Subsistence Storehouse, Main Street, Great Salt Lake City. djan8-lmp

C. CLIVE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Main Street, opposite the Tower Clock, G. S. L. City.
CLOTHING of all kinds made and repaired in the highest style of art.
Particular attention paid to the manufacture of Office Military Uniforms. djan7-f

CAMP DOUGLAS
Shaving, Shampooing, and Hair-Cutting
SALOON.

JOHN TAUFER has the pleasure of announcing to the residents of Camp Douglas and vicinity, that he has again opened his Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon, and is now prepared to attend to the wants of all those who will favor him with a call. dec18-d3m

RESTAURANT A NO. 1.

R. S. RILEY has fitted up neat and commodious apartments, north of the Butler Store, where he will endeavor to accommodate all who wish.

SINGLE MEALS, OR BOARD BY THE WEEK.

No pains will be spared in making the establishment what its name would indicate—"A No. 1." jan5-dtf

DENTISTRY.

DR. WM. H. GROVES, late of San Francisco, Cal., Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. Office, next door to National Hotel, Great Salt Lake City, U. T. nov27-dtf

WANTED.

HAY and Wood, at Camp Douglas, by
jan5-dwtf WALKER BROS.

BODENBURG & KAHN.
NEW MERCHANDISE.

Just received from the

EASTERN MARKET,

Consisting in part of the best

AMERICAN & ENGLISH PRINTS,
BROWN SHEETINGS, LINSEYS, DENIMS, SATINETS, JEANS, CHECKS, FLANNELS, HICKORY TWEEDS,

And a full assortment of

DRESS GOODS,

Full and Winter

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Hardware, Crockery,

And a large and General Stock of

Groceries, Dye Stuffs, Cigars, Tobacco, etc.

Call and Examine our New Stock, at the old stand of
HOOPER, ELDERIDGE & Co., East Temple street.
dec12dtf BODENBURG & KAHN.

Give us a call, and see our prices.

SOHOFF & BROS.

Can be seen, Nov. 30, 1863.

Our gratifying **MINING DEEDS,** highly favor this office, and of Agent in Great City.

in a place down South, that a mother frequently goes into the street and washes the faces of half a dozen children before she finds her own.